/147 cont./

223 noose is released when the animal takes the bait, and at the same time the gallows springs back and pulls the animal up in the air by its neck. Concerning the material used to make the noose, see page 41 . The arrowheads of the Auin are generally
411 poisoned. I have also found arrows which had only a single unpoisoned bone point. These are used for sport, perhaps also for killing small birds.

278 Manufacture of the arrow poison. Burkea africana (firewood of the Bushmen) is inhabited during the rainy season by a beetle (or a species of termite?) which toward the end of the rainy season pupates in the soil under the tree. The larvae are dug up, killed, dried in the sun, and rubbed between stones.

Roots of the thorny tschamma (Cucumis heptactylus Naud.) are laid on red-hot coals, taken out warm, and the bitter sap pressed out. This sap is mixed with the poisonous paste, and the resulting dirty, reddish-brown preparation represents the finished arrow poison. The poison is applied to the arrow point in a layer several millimeters thick and dries there.

278 The Bushmen greatly fear their own arrow poison and always
411 carry the poisoned point hidden in the shaft. The poisoned end is exposed only just before it is to be used. The layer of poison on the iron points, which because of their width cannot be concealed in the arrow shaft, is always wrapped with bast which is not taken off until the arrow is to be used. All Auin can make arrow poison and readily demonstrate the process.

224 The decorative scars described on page 16 are to be regarded
304 as hunting trophies.

The hunters supposedly tell exaggerated tales. Quarrels on
● 521 these occasions sometimes end in bloodshed.
578
[231] The only domestic animal is the dog.

The Bushman doctor is supposed to let blood for healing pur-
757 poses. For instance, in the case of a man who could not run well, bloody incisions were made in his upper thigh. On the other hand, I do not know whether this procedure can be described as "bloodletting." Scars from such incisions were shown to me several times.

413 The surgical instrument is a little sharpened piece of iron.

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

513 That night it was so cold that no one wanted to leave the fire and when finally everyone was at my camp, settled close to each other, side by side, with their bellies warmed by the heat and their shoulders covered by their capes, their backs
● 521 turned against the enormous veld where the cold wind blew and where the dark was coming, they began to entertain themselves with conversation, their favorite pastime.

516 The adults held their elbows on their raised knees and cupped their hands under their chins to cast little shadows into their eyes, for in this way they could see clearly over the bright fire. Close to the fire even the children were not cold. The older children sat up like the adults, although they were naked and the adults had capes, and the younger children slept in their parents' arms, warm between the fire and their parents' skin.

136 Before the darkness had come totally I left the fire to look through the little forest for wood, and as soon as I was off among the trees a way I was quite alone; I could not see the firelight and the voices did not reach me, and as I walked around in the frost and the gloom I could hear my footsteps crackling the grass. When I stopped walking to pick up an icy stick I could still hear the grass crackling, and when I looked around I saw, not too far away, a pair of mongooses, a male and a female, with five little ones. They were eating seeds from the pods of a plant and when they saw me they ran, all in an orderly line, and when they were gone the forest seemed very empty, for I could see through the trees to the desolate plains beyond, and up through the branches to the sky, where stars were showing, far away. A partridge rose in front of me—I had chased it from its bed. I could hear it calling as it flew, lost out in the veld now, and when I had a
313 bundle of sticks I found my way home.

372 Dikai had been out for sticks in the opposite direction and

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

when we looked at the pile we had, we judged that we had enough for the night, but we burned only one at a time to save them.

For a while, sitting at the fire, everyone was quite gay. The adults began to talk about food they had gathered and eaten and Toma's children asked me to tell them a story. "A true story," they said. Casting about in my mind for a story that would amuse them, I remembered a night when we were camped on our way to the Gikwe Bushmen in Bechuanaland and six lions had come into our camp. Someone in our party had shot at them and had wounded two of them, and then we had followed the wounded ones on foot through the darkness, a dangerous business, had finally found one and killed it, and had found the other one dead in the morning. I tried to say all this in Kung, but though I could understand quite a bit of it and could speak on some subjects, this time I found that my vocabulary was lacking; all I could say was "We killed two lions," a terse statement, and though the children were looking at me wide-eyed, I couldn't go on and had to get John to finish the story. "Ah," said the children when the story was told, not nearly as impressed as I had thought they would be, but then I myself had seen their father walk through a valley where several lions were roaring, at night, alone, armed only with a spear, depending on his wits for safety and on the fact that lions have a musky odor. He had been in our camp on one side of the valley when he had heard the lions roaring, and had slipped across among them in order to be with his wife and children, asleep on the other side.

Crooked Kwi, his wife, and his daughter had all turned away from the fire to warm their backs. They sat in a row, Kwi first, then the baby, then his wife. They were relaxed and they had let their heads tilt back to look at the sky. Crooked Kwi and his wife were very young, and, being one of the few

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

555 men between their adolescence and their thirties in the entire area and not an excellent hunter, Crooked Kwi was sometimes a figure of ridicule. He was nicknamed Crooked because of the way he walked, the Bushmen said, although I could never see why, and now, tonight, the men began to taunt him. For a while Crooked Kwi just looked idly over his shoulder at the men and smiled.

"Why did your wife run away from you?" Lazy Kwi asked finally. This went too far; his wife really had run away from him once with another man, and Crooked Kwi had been grieved and humiliated. His wife had been persuaded to return to him, but the incident had not helped Crooked Kwi's
522 position as a figure of fun. Now, when he was reminded of it, he turned his head away. Bushmen can be quite cruel with their joking.

521 Perhaps to turn the conversation to other things Toma reminded me of a time I had driven him and some other Bushmen in a truck and had bounced them quite badly. He told me that the Bushmen had agreed that women should leave trucks alone. "Your husband would drive if you were married. Why aren't you married?" he said.

I said it was because I was too young (I was twenty-three), intending this as a joke because Bushmen, even old grandfathers, always say they are too young when they are at a loss for an answer. "Oh no," said Toma. "You are old enough now. Even the last time you were here you said you were going to be married. How is it that you are still alone?"

"Well," I said, "I *will* someday."

"Yes, that is what you told me last time and here you are again." I couldn't think of a thing to say, and Toma added: "Well, never mind. Your father will help you, just as I will help Norna here when she is a little older."

At these words Norna lifted her head from her mother's

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

lap and looked drowsily at her father. "Ehe," said Toma, pointing at her, pleased that she still remembered her European name.

The talk returned to food and hunting and Toma remembered an eland the people had eaten which Short Kwi had killed, and this reminded everyone of the puff-adder bite, and Gao Feet, who had seen Short Kwi, began to describe the wound. He stammered and repeated whole phrases again and again, but finally he finished and those who had not seen Short Kwi drew in their breath and seemed very depressed. Short Kwi had been sick a year and had not died, but the flesh had gone from the calf of his leg, said Gao, the skin had gone from his foot, his foot was curled and the bones were showing. The wound stank, too, said Gao, and at this Tu said she didn't think she could bear to see him. Her children were asleep around her and she looked very sad, but by now all the faces lit by the fire were depressed and sad, and soon after that people began to go home, carrying their sleeping children. The night was almost over, the Southern Cross lay on its side and the Firewood Star was high over our heads. Last to leave was the old woman, Dikai's mother, who got stiffly to her feet and waved good-night to us.

"Good night, Old Grandmother," I said.

She turned her head to face me. "You should call me Mother. I embraced you when you came," she said.

Quite far away a fire at the werf flared up, the center point between two tall trees whose branches formed a delicate, pointed arch lit from below, showing the fire's brown owner sitting with his back to us, his elbows on his knees, perhaps gazing into the flames. It was Crooked Kwi, and he seemed very small beneath the high trees but very bright in the firelight and, somehow, very important. In a moment his wife walked into the firelight and sat beside him and they sat to-

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

beside her, and I remembered the eye medicine I had promised to her, so I nodded and went to get it, but when I returned with it I found that she had mistakenly awakened her sons and they now crouched behind her, peering out at me, their small faces distorted with distrust and apprehension. I held out my hand to Little Gashe, but he retired completely behind his mother, pushing Little Dabe out the other side, so I held out my hand to Little Dabe, causing him to shrink back, pushing Little Gashe. Finally Dikai stood up and left them both exposed, and then Gao Feet held Little Gashe, Dikai held Little Dabe, and I put the medicine in as quickly as possible, but both children had tantrums of rage and arched their backs, and as soon as they were released they would have nothing further to do with their parents, but went to sleep at their grandmother's fire instead, on the opposite side of the werf. The light was very dim, only the stars were showing and the fires had died, and these two forlorn children made two red little shapes as they lay down at their grandmother's fire; their skins reflected the red glow of coals, for they lay right in the ashes for warmth; they had forsaken their parents' karosses and there was no room for them under their grandmother's—another child was sleeping there.

Gao Feet gave up trying to urge them to come home and at last he, too, lay down to sleep, snug between his two wives, who were resting, not sleeping, for whenever someone at one of the other fires said something of interest, one or the other of them would put up her head and remark upon it. Tu slept alone with her children, for Toma had gone visiting, and one by one the people at Tu's fire moved away toward their own werfs, calling to each other in the dark. At last only a few voices were heard at one of the werfs; they seemed very gay and very lighthearted, all talking at once, and now and then Toma's voice was heard above them all. Hearing him, Tu

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

521 lifted her head and her face showed in the firelight; her eyes shone quite yellow and she looked dangerous, like a leopard, as she glared in the direction of his voice.

361 342 On my way home I passed Lazy Kwi's house, which his wife had started in his absence, and as she had planned a large scherm and had already built the framework, many large branches stuck upright in the ground, but had not yet covered it with grass, I could see Lazy Kwi inside. He was between me and his fire, and in silhouette against the red light he looked like a creature in a cage, for he was peering through the lattice of branches to see who was passing by. I stopped 252 to show who I was, and noticed a bird roasting by his fire, a little duck which must have been snared by Lazy Kwi's old father-in-law. It was plucked and trussed and tied to a stick which was pushed into the ground so that the duck hung over the coals. It looked about done to me, so I asked Lazy Kwi, who was obviously alone with it, awake only to tend it, if it wasn't ready, and Lazy Kwi looked first at me, then at the 805 821 duck, then up at the sky, and shook his head. He was timing it by a star, he explained, and the star had risen but wasn't high enough yet, so I said good-night and went home and left him in his lattice; and just before I went to sleep I heard great shouts of laughter, for Toma had found someone who hadn't heard the lion story and was telling it again.

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

felt uneasy with no specific worry in mind. He did ask them 787
one specific question, though; he wanted to know where an outbreak of diarrhea that everyone had got came from, and when Tu's brother, the lame boy, who was watching, heard what was asked, he said that our cameras had sent the diarrhea, and the people almost choked themselves laughing at that. Toma laughed until he cried. "We do not really believe this," he said through his tears, looking over his shoulder at us lest we should be uneasy, "we are only joking."

Toma, Gao Feet, and Lazy Kwi took turns throwing the discs and presently the discs told them that the diarrhea "came from the fires, from people to the east." I don't know how to interpret this, but perhaps the Bushmen meant that the disease blew down the wind. The discs also foretold that someone in the west would kill a buck, that visitors were coming, and that some Europeans and some Bushmen would sit at a fire to talk. Later all these things came true. Because the oracle discs predict conservatively, their predictions often come true.

Toma lost interest in them and told everybody how he had 521
been walking home the evening before and had heard a voice which had sounded to him like the voice of a European speaking English, but when he had investigated he had found a Bushman man sitting alone in a clump of bushes practicing the sounds of English, possibly hoping to speak it, and Toma's audience all thought that was very funny and they talked on and on about it. Incidents like this are talked about forever by Bushmen, who drag them out infinitely, remembering every detail, savoring them to the fullest. This is because very little happens outside of routine. (We once asked 538
some Bushmen if they ever made up stories to tell and they, 577
a little righteously, said no, they did not, because Bushmen do not care to hear about things that are not true.) Then the

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

young boys began to speak sounds that were for all the world like the sounds of English, with flat, almost nasal tones, perfect in cadence and inflection, and the people laughed again.

Because it was getting close to noon and the sun, now only veiled by the smoke, was burning over our heads, we decided to start our search for Short Kwi. After Toma, Toma's son, Gao Feet, and Lazy Kwi decided to go with us and the others decided to stay at home, we got on the truck and drove away, lurching over the stones at the edge of camp and out to the wild veld, to the west, where the soft wind was blowing and the horizon seemed dim because of the smoke. Ledimo, the interpreter, came too, and my brother and myself, and that night we slept in the veld, not even bothering to build a fire, but eating a few handfuls of cold food and sleeping in our blankets around the truck. The following afternoon we reached the werf of Short Kwi and his people. This werf, too, was hidden in the bushes and if the men of the band hadn't come out into the plain to meet us we might have gone by it, for Toma himself hadn't known exactly where it was. They came out because they knew it would be us they were meeting, for, they explained later, the European farmers couldn't possibly have found them there.

Six men and several young boys suddenly stepped from the bushes and appeared in front of our truck, all of them brown and naked and waving wildly to us, and the truck stopped so fast that those of us on top were nearly thrown off, and we all climbed down to greet them.

Three of the men were brothers, the brothers-in-law of Short Kwi, for their old mother had a strong hold on her family and kept them all beside her. Her sons and her daughters all lived with her; the sons at least might have been expected to live with the families of their wives, but they had never left her and they were here with her now. They stood

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

happy. She was only ten, but already she had lost her childish belly, although her breasts had not yet begun to grow.

Now everyone was in the werf and people had begun to go back to their fires, leaving Short Kwi alone. When most people were gone, Short Kwi's brother-in-law squatted beside him and, taking his injured leg, began laboriously to help him move toward the veld, toward a little pathway that we had not noticed before. Short Kwi's wife had cleared the path; it led to a place in the veld where Short Kwi could urinate, and slowly, painfully, Short Kwi and his brother-in-law moved down it, the brother-in-law duckwalking, carrying the bad leg while Short Kwi—he who once could run great elands down—edged himself forward on his buttocks, using his hands to brace himself and his good leg to pull himself along.

We were not at his fire when he got back, but we could see him through the trees, inching, and then, when Short Kwi was alone with his wife and daughter, we could watch him sitting by his fire, looking idly around. He was like a wild goose with pinioned wings, squatting there before his fire, watching the sky, the veld, and other people come and go.

Those of us from Nama made a camp apart from the werf, through long grass as high as our chests, inside a little glade of thorn trees. We cleared some of the grass and built a fire, and even then the Bushmen could not stop talking about Short Kwi, although they tried to change the subject; they spoke of him creeping along on his buttocks, even this impossible without someone to help, and all because he had failed to notice an adder that was waiting in his path. Of course, the Bushmen said, he was lucky to be alive. I felt that he was luckier than they supposed, because of his wife, that quiet, gracious, gentle, pretty woman, and his grave little daughter, the image of her mother. The people felt, said

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

224 857 866 Toma's son rubbed his head with his tough little fingers to make up his mind. Finally he left his friends and climbed on the truck. Home was too far to walk to, he said, and he was going to forfeit. As we drove away, his friends ran after us, shouting that they would bring him his share if they were able.

151 152 757 We reached Nama Pan late in the afternoon. Toma and Gao Feet cleared a werf for Short Kwi, and when he was settled comfortably with his back against a tree and with soft grass and blankets arranged all around him he said softly, just to himself and anyone else who might be listening, that during the night his leg had fallen off. After he said this he began to cry, and Gao Feet slowly crouched beside him, unwound the blanket slowly, and untied the bark, then gently lifted the knee away from the calf, which remained on the ground, just like the leg of a mummy. When the calf had fallen off, Short Kwi had pushed the two pieces back together again. Short Kwi was crying and biting his hand and his wife was crying, and Toma and Gao Feet stood beside him for a minute looking, the expression on their faces as dark as night. 766 Then they picked up the leg and carried it away to the veld, where they buried it in a hole, exactly as if it were a person, they were so sad.

152 Later, when we had dressed the stump, Toma and Gao Feet came back to sit with Short Kwi and talk with him. Gao Feet told about a Bantu man he had seen far in the north who had been injured in a mine accident and had been fitted with a false foot. Short Kwi could have one too, Gao said; but Toma said, almost too depressed to speak: "What does it matter? He is a cripple now."

521 758 Then the men went away and left Short Kwi to rest, and during the evening the children and young people were talk-

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

ing happily, but all the adults in all the werfs were too depressed and sad. Finally, one by one, the men went back again to Short Kwi, who by now had rallied and was sitting up, surely having been through the worst of it the night before, and talked to him about the antelopes he had killed and about the time he killed a wildebeest, an eland, and a wild pig all in one day.

It has been said that Bushmen abandon cripples or people who are old or sick and cannot travel. This is not true.

Far into the night, people who could not sleep sat up and talked at each other's fires. We heard the guashi being played, its long strings sounding in repetitious little songs of four or five notes which themselves were played over and over, for the guashi was being passed from hand to hand, played idly by people who just wanted something to do.

It was a warm night. The frogs in the pan were croaking and the north wind blew the cooking-fires around. Later, when the moon rose and made a blood-red fire all its own, the people began to go home. Toma and Gao Feet and their sons stopping to visit us on their way; they walked silently up to our fire from the darkness and dropped to their haunches one after the other, and sat quietly, their grave faces tilted back, hands shading their eyes. Toma's son wore the crown of badger hair, which moved in the wind a little. Presently the men and their sons stood up again one at a time and walked on, as silently on their bare feet as they had come. We heard the low voices of other people who were passing, then saw fires flare up at the werfs, and much later, when the wind had died and even the frogs were silent, we knew that some of the people were dreaming, for they groaned in their sleep.

521
516

WHEN THEY GATHER, the men are most likely to discuss hunting—the great exploits of memory, or plans for the future. For the chase is their passion.

787

ORACLE DISKS, *bottom left*, are made from eland hide, in sets of five. The !Kung often use them to determine the direction of their next hunting foray.

12: Marshall E-5 (1951-1959) 1961 FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

deadly poisoned arrows are always at hand. Men have killed each other with them in quarrels—though rarely—and the /Kung fear fighting with a conscious and active fear. They speak about it often. Any expression of discord (' bad words ') makes them uneasy. Their desire to avoid both hostility and rejection leads them to conform in high degree to the unspoken social law. If they do deviate they usually yield readily to expressed group opinion and reform their ways. I think that most /Kung cannot bear the sense of rejection which even mild disapproval makes them feel. They also conform strictly to certain specific useful customs which are like instruments for avoiding discord.

Talking and ' Talks '

I mention talking as an aid to peaceful social relations because it is so very much a part of the daily experience of the /Kung and, I believe, usefully serves three particular functions. It keeps up good open communication among the members of the band; through its constantly flowing expression it is a salutary outlet for emotions; and it serves as the principal sanction in social discipline. Songs are also used for social discipline. The /Kung say that a song composed specifically about someone's behaviour and sung to express disapproval, perhaps from the deepest shadow of the werf at night, is a very effective means of bringing people who deviate back into the pattern of approved behaviour. Nevertheless, during our observations, songs were not used as much as talking. If people disapprove of an individual's behaviour, they may criticize him or her directly, usually putting a question, ' Why do you do that? ' or they may gossip a bit or make oblique hints. In the more intense instances ' a talk ' may ensue.

The /Kung are the most loquacious people I know. Conversation in a /Kung werf is a constant sound like the sound of a brook, and as low and lapping, except for shrieks of laughter. People cluster together in little groups during the day, talking, perhaps making artifacts at the same time. At night families talk late by their fires, or visit at other family fires with their children between their knees or in their arms if the wind is cold.

There always seems to be plenty to talk about. People tell about events with much detail and repetition and discuss the comings and goings of their relatives and friends and make plans. Their greatest preoccupation and the subject they talk about most often, I think, is food. The men's imaginations turn to hunting. They converse musingly, as though enjoying a sort of day-dream together, about past hunts, telling over and over where game was found and who killed it. They wonder where the game is at present and say what fat bucks they hope to kill. They also plan their next hunts with practicality. Women (who, incidentally, do not talk as much as men) gave me the impression of talking more about who gave or did not give them food and their anxieties about not having food. They spoke to me about women who were remembered for being especially quick and able gatherers, but did not have pleasurable satisfaction in remembering their hot, monotonous, arduous days of digging and picking and trudging home with their heavy loads.

Another frequent subject of conversation is gift-giving. Men and women speak of the persons to whom they have given or propose to give gifts. They express satisfaction or dissatisfaction with what they have received. If someone has delayed

12: Marshall E-5 (1951-1959) 1961 FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

unexpectedly long in making a return gift the people discuss this. One man was excused by his friends because his wife, they said, had got things into her hands and made him poor, so that he now had nothing suitable to give. Sometimes, on the other hand, people were blamed for being ungenerous (' far-hearted ') or not very capable in managing their lives, and no one defended them for these defects or asked others to have patience with them.

As far as we know, only two general subjects are taboo in conversation. Men and women must not speak openly together of sexual matters except as they make jokes in the joking relationship. The /Kung avoid speaking the names of the gods aloud and do not converse about the gods for fear of attracting their attention and perhaps their displeasure. They told us their myths, but only when we asked them to. It is evidently not the habit of these Bushmen to recount the myths as they sit by their fires. They do not invent stories. They said they had no interest in hearing things that are not true and wonder why anybody has.

While a person speaks the listeners are in vibrant response, repeating the phrases and interposing a contrapuntal ' eh '. ' Yesterday ', ' eh ', ' at Deboragu ', ' eh ', ' I saw old /Gaishay.' ' You saw Old /Gaishay ', ' eh, eh '. ' He said he had seen the great python under the bank.' ' EH! ', ' The PYTHON! ' ' He wants us ', ' eh, eh, eh ', ' to help him catch it '. The ' ehs ' overlap and coincide with the phrase and the people so often all talk at once that one wonders how anyone knows what the speaker has said.

Bursts of laughter accompany the conversations. Sometimes the /Kung laugh mildly with what I would call a sense of humour about people and events, often they shriek and howl as though laughter were an outlet for tension. They laugh at mishaps that happen to other people, like the lions eating up someone else's meat, and shriek over particularly telling and insulting sexual sallies in the joking relationship. Individual singing of lyrical songs, accompanied by the *//guashi*, or snatches of the medicine music, the playing of rhythmical games, the ceremonial dances themselves occupy the evenings, as well, but mostly the evening hours are spent in talk.

' A talk ', as the /Kung call it, differs from a conversation or an arranged, purposeful discussion. It flares spontaneously, I believe from stress, when something is going on in which people are seriously concerned and in disagreement. I think that no formalities control it. Anyone who has something he wants to say joins in. People take sides and express opinions, accusing, denying, or defending persons involved. I witnessed one ' talk ' only, in 1952, which I mentioned before[1] and should mention again in this context. It occurred over a gift-giving episode at the time of /Nai's betrothal and involved persons in Bands 1 and 2 who were settled near together at the time. Khuan//a, the mother of /Gunda, /Nai's fiancé, had diverted a gift which people thought was making its way to Gao Medicine, the present husband of /Nai's mother. Instead of giving it to him at the time when an exchange of gifts was in order, she gave it to one of her relatives. /Nai's mother's sister, /U, sitting at her own scherm, began ' the talk ' by letting it be known what she thought of Khuan//a, in a voice loud enough to be heard in the two werfs, a startling contrast to the usual low flow of talk. Di/ai, /Nai's mother, sitting with her shoulder pressed against her sister's, joined in. People in the werfs went to sit at each other's scherms, forming little groups

[1] Lorna Marshall, ' Marriage Among /Kung Bushmen', *Africa*, vol. xxix, no. 4, Oct. 1959, pp. 352–3.

12: Marshall E-5 (1951-1959) 1961 FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

who agreed and supported each other. From where they sat, but not all at once and not in an excited babble, they made their remarks clearly, with quite long pauses between. Some expressed themselves in agreement with /U as she recounted Khuan//a's faults and deviations, past and present. Khuan//a's family and friends, who had moved to sit near her, denied the accusations from time to time, but did not talk as much or as loudly as /U. Khuan//a muttered or was silent. /U said she disapproved of her sister's daughter marrying the son of such a woman, but would reconsider her position if Khuan//a gave the expected gift to Gao Medicine. The talk lasted about twenty minutes. At that point Khuan//a got up and walked away and the ' talk ' subsided to /U's mutterings and others' low conversation. In a few days Khuan//a gave Gao Medicine a present, not the gift in question, but one which satisfied Gao, and, as they said, ' they all started again in peace '.

There is a third form of verbal expression which might be called a ' shout ' rather than a ' talk ', but as far as I know the /Kung have no special name for it. It is a verbal explosion. Fate receives the heat of the remarks in a ' shout '.

We were present on two such occasions, one in 1952, the other in 1953. Both were in response to the burning of scherms. In both instances little children, whose mothers had taken their eyes off them though they were only a few feet away, had picked up burning sticks from the fire, had dropped them on the soft, dry bedding grass in the scherms and, at the first burst of flame, had sensibly run outside unscathed. On the first occasion, the two children, who were about three years old, were frightened and were soothed and comforted by their mothers and other relatives. They were not scolded. On the second occasion, Khuan//a, the two-year-old granddaughter of Old ≠Toma and /Gam, had set fire to her grandparents' scherm. She was not apparently frightened at all and was found placidly chewing her grandfather's well-toasted sandal. She was not scolded either. What was especially interesting was the behaviour of the Bushmen. On both occasions they rushed to the burning scherms, shouting all at once, in extremely loud, excited voices, volcanic eruptions of words. The men made most of the noise, but the women were also talking excitedly. No one tried to do anything, nor could they, for the scherms burned like the fiery furnace. I asked the interpreters to stand close to one person at a time and try to hear what he said. People were telling where they had been when the fire started, why they had not got there sooner. They shouted that mothers should not take their eyes off their children, that the children might have been burned. They lamented the objects which had been destroyed—all in the greatest din I have ever heard humans produce out of themselves. It went on for about eight or ten minutes in bursts, then tapered off for another ten. While Old ≠Toma's scherm was burning, he and his wife, /Gam, the great maker of beads, sat on one side weeping. After the shouting had subsided, a dozen or more people set about looking for Old ≠Toma's knife blade and arrow points and picking up what beads they could find for /Gam in the cooling ashes. The two instances of ' shouts ' provided examples of the vehemence which vocal expression can have and vividly illustrated the /Kung way of venting emotion in words.

There is still another kind of talk, not conversation, which I consider to be an outlet for tension and anxiety. We happened to hear it only in relation to anxiety about food and do not know if other concerns sometimes find expression in this way.

12: Marshall E-5 (1951-1959) 1961 FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

It occurs in varying degrees of intensity. It is a repeating of something over and over and over again. For instance, whether it is actually so or not, someone may be reiterating that he has no food or that no one has given him food. The remarks are made in the presence of other individuals, but the other individuals do not respond in the manner of a discussion or conversation. In an extreme instance we saw a woman visitor go into a kind of semi-trance and say over and over for perhaps half an hour or so in ≠Toma's presence that he had not given her as much meat as was her due. It was not said like an accusation. It was said as though he were not there. I had the eerie feeling that I was present in someone else's dream. ≠Toma did not argue or oppose her. He continued doing whatever he was doing and let her go on.

All these ways of talking, I believe, aid the /Kung in maintaining their peaceful social relations by keeping everyone in touch with what others are thinking and feeling, releasing tensions, and keeping pressures from building up until they burst out in aggressive acts.

Aspects of Good Manners

In /Kung society good manners require that, when /Kung meet other /Kung who are strangers, all the men should lay down their weapons and approach each other unarmed. ≠Toma, leader of Band 1, approached us unarmed the first time we met. After we were accepted and given Bushman names, we were no longer strangers and we never observed the practice again.

Good manners require that visitors be received courteously and asked to sit by the fire. The woman whose fire it is may welcome the visitor by taking a pinch of the sweet smelling *sa* powder, which she carries in a little tortoise shell hung from her neck, and sprinkling it on the visitor's head in a line from the top of the head to the forehead.

Good manners in eating express restraint. A person does not reveal eagerness or take more than a modest share. When a visitor comes to the fire of a family who are preparing food or eating, he should sit at a little distance, not to seem importunate, and wait to be asked to share. On several occasions we gave small gifts of corned beef to be shared with a group. The person who received the food from us would take only a mouthful. Once an old headman only licked his fingers. The lump of food would be passed from one to another. Each would take a modest bite. The last person often got the most. I found it moving to see so much restraint about taking food among people who are all thin and often hungry, for whom food is a source of constant anxiety. We observed no unmannerly behaviour, no cheating and no encroachment about food. Although informants said that quarrels had occasionally occurred in the past between members of a band over the time to go to gather veldkos, and although we observed expressions of dissatisfaction, no quarrels of any kind arose over food during our observations.

Good manners in general should be inoffensive. Any behaviour which is likely to stir up trouble is regarded with apprehension and disapproval by the /Kung. In view of this, the joking relationship has its interesting side. Men and women who have the joking relationship insult each other in a facetious way and also point out actual faults or remark on actual episodes which embarrass a person. Everyone joins in the

uproarious, derisive laughter. All this is joking and one should not take offence. The /Kung say this teaches young persons to keep their tempers.

In contrast to the joking is their care in other aspects of conduct to avoid giving offence. ≠Toma said, for instance, that, if he were forming a hunting party and a man whom he did not want asked to join him, he would be careful to refuse indirectly by making some excuse and try not to offend the man.

Gossip which can stir up trouble is discouraged. People do gossip but usually discreetly, in low voices, with near and trusted relatives and friends. It is best to mind one's own business, they say.

People are expected to control their tempers and do so to a remarkable degree. If they are angry, aggrieved, or frustrated, they tend to mope rather than to become aggressive, expressing their feelings in low mutters to their close relatives and friends. ≠Toma told us that he had lost his temper twice when he was a young man and on one occasion had knocked his father down. On the other he had pushed his wife into hot ashes. It had so frightened him to realize that he could lose control of himself and behave in this violent way that, he said, he had not lost his temper since.

Meat-sharing

The /Kung custom of sharing meat helps to keep stress and hostility over food at a low intensity. The practical value of using up the meat when it is fresh is obvious to all and the /Kung are fully aware of the enormous social value of the custom. The fear of hunger is mitigated; the person one shares with will share in turn when he gets meat and people are sustained by a web of mutual obligation. If there is hunger, it is commonly shared. There are no distinct haves and have-nots. One is not alone.

To have a concept of the potential stress and jealousy which meat-sharing mitigates in /Kung society one has only to imagine one family eating meat and others not when they are settled only five or ten feet apart in a firelit werf and there are no walls for privacy. The veld does not hide secret killing and eating because actions are printed in its sands for all to read. The idea of eating alone and not sharing is shocking to the /Kung. It makes them shriek with an uneasy laughter. Lions could do that, they say, not men.

The custom of meat-sharing applies only to the big game animals. Small animals the size of duikers or smaller, birds, tortoises, lizards, grasshoppers, snakes, and ostrich eggs are picked up incidentally and belong to the person who shoots, snares, finds or catches them. He may keep these for himself and his immediate family and may share them as he chooses, as if they were veldkos. ≠Toma says that, if there is only a little, he and his family eat a meal and give a little to anyone who happens to be near by at the time.

Meat-sharing applies to the big animals which are deliberately hunted by organized hunting parties. In the Nyae Nyae region they are kudu, gemsbok, wildebeest, hartebeest, springbok, warthogs and ostrich. Eland are found less commonly and buffalo rarely. The Nyae Nyae hunters managed to shoot giraffe occasionally. Giraffe are royal game by S.W.A. law, but the Nyae Nyae /Kung had not known this. When they were told, they called them ' Morrisi cows'. (Mr. Robert Morris was the Commissioner of Native Affairs at Runtu.)

The system by which meat is shared begins with the hunters, but the composition

262 plants, are scarce and unpredictable and people never depend
137 on meat for their basic subsistance. Therefore the well-
136 being of the Bushmen as a population can be viewed as the
433 product of two factors: the abundance of food resources in their environment, and the intelligence and sophistication which informs their exploitation of these resources.

512 Although the getting of food is the major activity of
433 Bushman life and is a major focus of Bushman thought, the greater part of the waking life of the Bushmen is given over to social, religious and trading activities that are largely independent of the food quest.

Their emphasis on non-subsistence activities becomes clear when daily records are kept of the activities of the [126] members of a camp. For example, a diary of activities was kept for the Dobe camp during July, 1964. This record was [462] made during mid-winter, a season of comparative scarcity. It was found that the 23 adults of this camp spent less than half of their days in subsistence activities, an average of 23% of the time for the women and 40% of the time for the [574] men. The majority of their waking hours were spent visiting [521] other camps, entertaining visitors, resting, talking, hut building, and making tools, clothing, and ornaments.

Plant Resources

137 There are well over 200 species of plants and 220 species
136